THE great company of the Winter constellations, with

star, are now withdrawing from the evening sky. At the

same time in the east Virgo, with her pure white gem,

Spice, leads up the procession of the stars of Spring.

Orion for their chief, and Sirius for their brightest

THIS is the anniversary of the battle of Five Forks. in 1865, in which General Sheridan won a decisive victory. forcing Lee to retire on Petersburg. Six days later came the surrender of the Confederate army to General Grant at Appomattox Court House.

# The Four of Hearts

A SERIAL OF YOUTH AND LOVE

## Cynthia Finds Herself Analysing Her Feelings Toward Dora's Fiance

de Water.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Cepyright, 1918, by Star Company. TAD Mrs. Livingstone's statement with regard to Dora's tendency to jealousy been true, the girl' would have had no reason to show this weakness on the evening on which sire, her betrothed, cousin and mother attendof the Philharmonic concert.

In fact Milton was left so entirely to Dora's tender mercies that he himself noticed it and remarked upon it during one of the intermissions between the musical numbers.

"I seem to be shunned by all excopt Dora," he said laughingly, leaning across his flances to address Mrs. Livingstone and Cynthia. Ton the way down in the automobile I was made to sit in one of the small seats while you three ladies sat behind me on the rear seat where you could talk and ignore me. Then, when we arrived here, you, Mrs. Livingstone, and Cynthia went in first in the most exclusive way, placing Dora next to me and telling me to take the sinle seat where I must talk to her or to nebody. And she has yawned three times in five minutes, in spite of all my efforts to be agreeable."

Cynthia was three seats from him—with Mrs. Livingstons and Dora separating her from the speaker—but she heard every word he said and suspected that he was endeavering to make her look up or reply te him. But she studied her pro-gramme and pretended to be ab-serbed in its contents.

Mrs. Livingstone accepted the

complaints with her usual self-poswhen a man is engaged to a

girl." she remarked, "he is always grateful to be allowed to sit where he need talk to nobody but her. My dear Milton, you cannot make us aney that you are not perfectly natisfied with the present arrange-

"I am entirely satisfied." Milton declared, coming up galiantly to the challenge. "I am merely commenting on the fact that you and Cynthin are terribly exclusive. You act as if I had small-pox or something. Dors, I must beg of you not to yawn while I am talking, My voice seems to have a soporific ef-

#### A Strange Combination.

"Don't be such a goose." Dora commanded. "I am sleepy, and if the King of England was sitting next to me, I would yawn."

"But I am not the King of Enghand." Milton began when the Biart -ing of the music silenced any further badinage.

Cynthia, her eyes fixed on the orchestra, seemed to listen with an intentness that was almost painful. every word that Milton had just said, wondering, for the hundredth time, how people who were presumably in love could, to all appearances, be as indifferent to each other as were Milton Van Saun and Dora Livingstone. Yet Dora must leve Milton if, as Mrs. Livingstone had said, the girl was jealous

By Virginia Terhune Van+ of his slight attentions to her

Slight attentions! Had they been more than that? Cynthia allowed herself the indulgence of musing on the various times she and Milton had been alone together. She remembered that evening in her uncle's den when Milton told her

how sorry he was for her.

She remembered also another occasion on which he had tried to sympathize with her and had as-sured her that if she ever wished to lalk to him of her trouble he would be honored to have her do so But, most clearly of all, she recalled the interrupted conversation in the taxicab on the night of the accident, when Milton astonished her by telling her of his having seen her in the hotel in Chicago, of his having picked up a letter she had dropped, of her having spoken to

She had started impulsively to reply to the reminiscence when the cub collided with a truck and she was stunned, recovering consciousness several minutes later in Mil-

ton's arms.
She wondered now just how much she might have told him had the accident not occurred. She knew that she had begun to say that she recollected seeing him in the hotel m the night before she came east What she recalled most clearly about that first meeting was the blue color of Milton Van Saun .

#### A Nervous Chill.

It was this that she had noticed especially when she met him again in her uncle's house in New York. What wonderful eyes he had!

Her heart beat fast, and she fen the blood throbbing in her cheeks. These symptoms were caused by reflections upon another girl's betrothed, while she herself, Cynthia Long, was engaged to be married to another man!

Oh, it was dreadful! She sat up straight and pressed her hands con--vulsively together.

Her aunt looked at her queetioningly. "What's the matter, Cynthia" she whispered. "Are you

Cynthia" she whispered. "Are you chilly? Shall I help you pull your wrap up about your shoulders."
Cynthia shook her head. "I am all right," she murmured. "Forgive me for moving so suddenly. I did not mean to do it. I had a little nervous chill—that's all."
She appeared raim, yet she was telling herself that she could not hear the state of affairs. Then she realized that she must bear them, and, leaning back in her chair, fixed her eves once more on the stage in front of her.
It would be interesting as well

It would be interesting as well a startling if one could read the houghts going on in the minds of persons in a crowded auditorium listening to music. Civilization and breeding have taught them all to gaze at the performers, or to cast down their eyes and assume impassive expressions. But in brains buck of the steady e may be surging thoughts and longings that must not be expressed. The owners of the unmoved countenances may be declaring wildly to viod and themselves that they cannot live another day—that will go mad if conditions de not change. But they sit still and persons, and passively listening to the unusually delightful perform-

(To Be Continued.)

# Both Hat and Gown Bespeak the Summer Day



ness to This Hat of White Novelty Straw and Georgette-A Spray of Delicately Colored Apple Blossoms is Posed on the Brim at Front.

# The Wolves of New York A Story of Love and Mystery

Part One-(Continued)

"Was Mr. Willoughby alive I don't believe there ever was such a person. The woman has always been a mystery—a thorough adventuress. They say that she is the daughter of a man of title—a lady in her own right. But that is probably a lie, like all lier other stories. She played the very dearly in they would be they are the stories. storica. She played the very dearly in Italy sound-years and, it was there I have here and as I tell you, there are storics innumerable of her doings in New York. We needn't go into them. I've told you enough to show you that you cannot marry Miss Lillian Willoughby, and that if and tint if you want to throw away more money you'd better find some one who has not not a linsband living. And now—'he cose from his seat and rang the bell—"I think we can end this interview. You've done no good by coming to me. I thought that after so many years there might be some im-provement in you, but I see it's im-He gazed once more his son critically, brutally, "What can one expect of a man with a chin like that."

Charite Epstone stooped and picked up his nat. He runbed it carefully with a suic pocket hand-kerchief. He would not meet blo father's eyes. At the door be paused as if he wished to speak, but he thought better of it, sud went out quietly, closing the door behind him without noise.

Pietro Calls on Epstone, Sr. in the half he found the

and a footman in violent aftereation with a dark mun who looked like

"I tell you he is engaged," said "He will see me," the man was

saying. "What is your business."

"My business to private with Senator Epstone, But I tell you

#### Here's What has Already .Happened

Zalar Vascell is induced to marry for a large sum of money. Ceremony, which is attended by a strange woman, takes place in a rutned church. Returning from the marriage she finds her uncle and steter murdered. She is left jedle heir to her

ter murdered. She is left pole heir to her uncle's large fortune, who distingnized in the first probability. The best probability is a superior to the strange woman who altended her marriage. She gies to litelin tourt, the exact left by her uncle, and meets young Lord Berradale, and they formediately fall in love, Guy's friends frame him, and he signs mysterious contract mortgaging the estate he will receive at Esthey's death. She is marked for death, but young Borradale frustrates the attempt, and is hardly grabbed.

Saffer goes to New Jerse to and at the rained church discovers the body of the ran she married. She concludes she is free-from her ourriege yow, but is warned by Lillian, Guy's mysterious wife, and also by the restor, that she is not. Lather returns to Helm Court and tells Harold she will become like wife. The recommendation of the she had been shown to the safe warner them that that it is impossible. tor warns them both that it is impos

that such a marriage would evoke the Egradale curse.

The attempts of Hether allife are explained by Guy when he tells them of

fails. You've Lostons returns to his fathers house and tells him that he expects to marry and settle down. When told that it is fallfurn he is to marry, his father flye thato, a rego and brands his son as a foot.

Installment.

him this letter" "You are the fellow who called yesterday," put in the footman, "and he was annoyed that you were admitted. I can't let you in." "What's the row, bean?" asked Charlie Epstone of the butler. He

Had a Note from Lillian. "It's this man, sir. He wants to ce your father says his business very important. I'm to take up

knew the old servant well

"Let me see it, Dean," Charles took the note and opened without simple. It was merely folded sheet of paper. It bore tile words: "Please see hearer on my behalf. Lilian Willoughby." Senator Epstone's assertion that Lillian was attempting to blacknowl in recurred to the couth's mind with a twinkle as Charlie slipped a

"I've an idea that the matter is really important, Dean," he said, Take the man up to my father. Dean hesitated, then he pocketed

dollar into the butler's han-

"Come along," he said to Pietre. he doorway. "Remember, if I'm

Charlle Epstone left the house with a smile on his ilps. He was quite certain that his father did not Winn to see this man. It was small revenge, but pleasing to his parrow used.
Thus it was that Pietro Repni found his way into the presence of

Sengtor Enstone Not at All Welcome.

Senator Epstone lifted his heavy brows, and an evelamation of angry surprise passed his tips when the by the footman and his new visitor appeared. Had he not given orders that this man was not to be ad-nitted?

But before he could be prevented

Pietro had advanced into the center of the room. "James," shouted the incensed senator, "did I not tell you that I would see no one this morning." Why have you shown this fellow up?" Without writing for reply he addressed himself savagethe Italian. "To away, I see you, you are nothing '/ He stopped speaking realiz-The man-servant stammered come mediginle reply to his masser's

James, show this man out."

The mismals or hitler's life are explifined by Guy when he tells them of
the coarsact that he signed and admits
that he deem't know the terms of it
other than that it is through Esther's
death the maney he has borrowed can
be repaid.

Returning to New York Guy goes to see
Goldanith and discasers him dead. He
searches his apartiment for the contract
but is usable to find it.

Salimin pleads with Guy to prevent the
marriage between Esthes and Harold, but
he refuse to deput the only explication
(our falling will give as to her reason for
desiring that till charriage shall not take
place is that he life as well as Esther's
will be in danger.

Pietro a former servant of Lillian, sends
her a fake nessuae and holds her for
Lillian to Mrs. Borrodale and Esther.

Pietro goes to them for the money and
faile.

Read Right On in Today's

that he will see me. Please take | enigmatical amile, "if Mr. James is

"What Do You Want?" "Shut the door, James. What are

you waiting fer?" Senator Epstone changed his tone. He did not quite know what he said, feeling only the accessity of interrupting the speakr. "You may go, I say What are on standing staring at? New you cave shown this man up I'll hear what he has to speak to me about." The footman accordingly retired.

a puzzled look on his face.
"I thought you would like to hear what I have to say, sir," gaid Pictro calmly as soon as the door was closed. He stood very much in the came position that Chartie had a was not that of the frightened school boy, and Epstone giancing at him realized that a builying tone would be of little avail with this class of individual.

"What have you to asy" asked the old man. He threw himself back in his chair, and tried to assume : careless mien. "You are very luck) to have seen me at all, for I gave strict orders that I would not re-ceive you or any other messenger from the accurred woman who wrote this letter." He dived his hand into the waste paper busket and produced Lillian's note. "You know sail about it, of course." Pietro bowed formally, "Certo."

he said. "I know all about it. What you yesterday was true though you refuse to believe. You say it must be impossible that anyone be carried off in New York and held for ransom, but I tell you mer more that it is so, and that Mrs. Willoughby need the money of which I spoke, need it and must

His First Object Was Blackmail. "It is blackmail," muttered Ep-stone. "I knew yesterday that your

ou prove it. My servants ought never to have let you in. I don't know how they came to do so; they had strict instructions"—
"After you received that letter?"
"Yes." Epstone brought his

"Yea." Epstone brought his ceth together with a snap peculiar to him. "After I received this letter. I am not afraid of anything Mrs. Willoughby may say of me-I don't know what she means. Who to I mover go instite a theater What for a thousand reasons. have maintained an extense in our

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

# THE NEWSBOY WHO WINS

### It's Up to the Parent and the Public to Help, Says Prof. McKeever.

By William A. McKeever

THERE is too much assumption that the newsboy is getting on, no matter whose buy he is or what else he is. But it is better for us to know that a newsboy's business is a difficult and nighly specialized occupation for one of his years, and that to succeed well he requires a patient and painstaking guardianship to see him through

In the shadow of a stairway near a busy street corner I saw a shawldraped woman. A few paces away stood a small boy offering his "American! Paper! Haif a Million Americans in France. A Million More on the Way! Paper!" Secretary Baker's review had just been given out. So this newsle had. chosen his lines very well. However, he was still rather timid and his voice lacked the snap of certainty. The mother was coaching. "I have six of them to feed at home," she said, with Irieh accent "and I want Harney to help earn a

The mether had exactly the right idea. There is need in every city for a school for newsboys. Some boys have played the game hard and finally amazzed a focture se a result of the newspor training Others have tried just as hard and have falled completely. There is a reason, and the chief reason is that newspaper selling is a science and an art, and not a mere guess or blind venture.

But the public ought to know is general and the parents most con-cerned ought to know in particular that the newsboys who are really winning out are doing two things: earning money and making character. The boy, the parents and the public are in a sort of partnership—the boy to earn and learn, the parents to coach him, and the public to give him a square deal.

The traditional error has been that of regarding the newsboy as being merely in a game of getting money.

So the newsboy who is really winning is earning money and character and citizenship. And the business of being a newaboy is high or mediocre or low in rank in proportion to the public's attitude toward his business.

Let us all help this promising young American to win. If we are parents, les us coach him-tell him what headlines to cry, to be courteous to his patrons, how to keep his speech and thought clean, how to take care of his earnings. Let us see that he has enough sleep, enough to eat and that he goes on with his schooling.

If we are patrons of this struggling boy do we not owe him a square deal-to pay him his autherized price, to frown on attempted tricks or deceit, to buy at times partly to cheer and encourage a backward newsie, to stop occasionally and chat sympathetically with the young news merchant, to help litm in every way possible toward honest success?

The city would lose some of its interest without his merry call, the wheels of progress would not reli on well without his help, the world of to-morrow will not get on well unless the newsle of to-day wins both money and character.

### DO YOU KNOW THAT—

Since the outbreak of the war New Zealand has increased its cold storage capacity from 2,400,000 freight carcases to 4,400,000, and hopes to shortly have a capacity of 5,000,000 carcases.

For short distances the salfnen is the swiftest swimmer of any fish; it can travel at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

Moslems under the protection of King George V. number over double the entire population of the British

The British Islands are better provided with rivers than any other country of the same size on the The estimated cost of new

tories and extensions begun last year in Sheffield is \$3,750,000. Burnt sienna is a paint manu-

factured from the neutral earth ale tained near S'eans, Italy.

There are upwards of 29,408 soldies priests in the French army.

Coal is cheaper in China than

anyw ere size in the world.

# Puss in Boots Jr. A PLEASING GOOD-NIGHT SERIES

By David Cory.

Now, as little Puss Junior travgrew colder and colder and snow began to fall from the four corners of the sky. And, on, dear me, the wind from the cold north whistled its ley tune through the tree tone and Puss turned up his collar and blew on his paws to keep them warm. And pretty soon, as he entered a deep forest, he saw a young man sted to a tree, and when Pues came up to him the young man said in a weak voice: "Little cat. I fear I shall perial, for I cannot break these strong ropes which bind me." And just as Puss was about to draw his award to cut the ropes a great gray wolf appeared, and in a sparling voice said:

"Leave this young man to me." And then what do you suppose Puss did? He opened his knapsack and took out some honey which the giant, whom I told you about three or four stories ago, had given him, and offered it to the wolf.

"This is kind of you," said the great, cruel animal, and he licked up the honey and asked for more. He Puss opened his knapsack again and took out the rest of the honey. and when the worlf had eaten it he said: "You have been kind to me, and I will reward you," and he bit off the ropes and set the young man free, and then he told them to follew him and he would take them to his don for the night

man was so stiff from being bound to the tree, that he could hardly move, so the big wolf told him to get upon his back, and then they all set off, and by and by they came to the wolf's den. And then the great animal pushed open the door and, as soon as he was inside, he changed into a man. "Do not fear me," he said. "for I will do you no harm, but follow me." And then he opened another door and bade

them enter. And when Pusa entered, he saw gathered around a large table a number of men armed with bows and arrows, and they turned their looked at him with

wolf man said, "I have brought two friends with me, who will help us in our adventure." And then he arked Puss and the young man to fore the fire. And while they were sitting there one of the men at the table got up and began to sing: Forest robbers are we and bold,

And we laugh at the North wind chill and cold For he nur's the traveller through and though And helps with the work we have For we rob all travellers night and

day, And their purses of gold we take anay. S-s-h," said the Wolf Man, "you will frighten our friends" But Fussionly grinned and said nothing. next story you shall hear what hampened after that.

> (Copyright, 1975, David Cound To Bo Continued.

Dresses for the Baby THE CLEVER MOTHER CAN MAKE THEM By Rita Stuyvesant.

Here Is an Unusual and Striking Afternoon Suit

Made of Black and White Charmeuse.

E VERY mother knows how very budy well dressed Buildes up to three years old are foreser get hing with, but it now wern us it mosher is never done cleaning the youngster. A great deal of trouble can be saved, however, if practical little frocks are chosen, ones that are real fun frocks and good landing, too. For no child is too email

to be smart. Whether for play or dress-up or casions, there are cuppling little models that economical mothers can copy at home. Before the warm weather comes. The provident mother will lay in an ample supply of washable frocks for her two-

Dresses that will stand the strain of hard out-door play can be made bloomers under them. A little one-piece frock with alceves and body out in one is easy to make, and a belt of soil material can hold the

illness in place. A jaunty touch of trimming that a panel inconvenient in the laundrer in the way of play can be introduced in the form of a smarrier or perhaps a bit of manifely of course short sleeves in the best, and freeks that hill prover the best (the neek lacing more convenient last times p) are more convenient than those whose buttons are continually pull-

Instead of petticonts, little lipor is are more contestable. To should be very simply made intehed with either classic rough casures or uttoning to the underwalst. For dress up and "company" went hite frocks are indispensable. But atriotic women are no longer usg lines for the baby's frock, beas lovely, is offered and it is slow

definitely it has all the beauty of he finest lines at one-third the liaints dresses can be made to: ently meen at a lugaar favoress

The front of the tiny bisuse was linely tucked and stitched in colored If you are congenial understand

+ thread. The simple collar, split tures that made this little frock quite distinctive was the smart Empire belt fastened with two pearl tions and buttonholes of a miniature size. The frock closed in the back from neck to been and could se-spened out and ironed flat, a conventeurs busy mothers will appre-

If you have a baby and are kept husy 'dreaming' her, try some of these practical patterns and your work will be cut in two. Make o play dresses real fun frocks of the dressy once smart and

# Advice to the Lovelorn By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Decide for Yourself.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAN Dean alls Faire as

I am eighteen and in leve
with a man of thirty-three, and
how that my love is reciprocated.
He has asked me several times to marry him, but I always refused on ing to the great difference in our age. He has been a friend of the family for a great many years. and my mother would readily con sent to our marriage, but would not inforce it by any means. He is rather wealthy and I know that would never want for anything. nt please don't be under the im pression that I am thinking of marrying a man for his money. This marriage will entirely depend upon your opinion.

PIFTEEN years difference in your ages need not terrify you. The point is that at eighteen you are likely to be only a child, while at thirty-three he is probably a man, settled and mature in his tastes. When you write, "This marriage

will entirely depend on your opin lon," you show weakness and childish uncertainty. How can you feel that a stranger will read your liftie note; form an impersonal opin too with nothing involved but her own blens of right and then he allowed absolutely to settle this grave question for you?

tween will not be an impassable barrier. But you must show enough certainty of yourself to form your own judgment instead of leaning helpleasly on what I say. Sixteen Years! DEAR MISS FAIRFAN:

each other, have sympathy and

tastes in common, as well as love

and emotion, the fifteen years be

I am thirty-nine and in love with a girl of twenty-three. My mother thinks it a mistake in

mother thinks it a mistake to marry with such a difference in ges, while many friends tell me for future regrets or unbappiness in a marriage with such a differ-WHAT is much more important

real love and the fine feeling that vacit namer's matures, affect on, devotion, toyalty if you have these. he difference to your ages cannot deprive you of your chance of hap-

than the difference in your ages is the sympathy of id . the exists between you. Perhaps you two have more in common than many others whose years are approximately the same. Real love means more than mere attraction. it means sympathy with each other's ambitions understanding of

"I wonder," said Pietre, with his